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VOL XV. NO. 14 MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 22, 1894. PRICE THREE CENTS

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Trains leave Meredith as follows:
TRAINS NORTH.
Boston Express, 7.24 a. m.
Montreal Express, 12.31 p. m.
Accom'dation, 4.30 "
Mixed and Local, 7.00 "
White Mt. Express, 9.15 "
Plymouth Express, 3 11.05 "
Montreal Express, 11.05 "
TRAINS SOUTH.
Montreal Express, 10.40 a. m.
Plymouth Express, 4.30 "
Mixed and Local, 8.30 "
Boston Express, 1.15 p. m.
Accom'dation, 7.15 "
Nor. Div. Express, Montreal 11.05 a. m., 3.00 p. m.
Plym. Express, 3 11.05 a. m., 3.00 p. m.
Boston Express, 12 m., 2.58 p. m.
Mail Arrangements.
Arrival and Departure of Mails at Meredith Post Office.
ARRIVE
From the North, 8.00 A. M., 12.30 P. M.
From the South, 7.55 A. M., 1 & 5 P. M.
DEPARTS
For the North, 11.45 A. M., 4.30 P. M.
For the South, 11.45 A. M., 4.30 P. M.
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Church and Society Directory.
North Congregational Church.
Pastor, Rev. Freeman C. Libby.
Supt. of Sunday School, James P. Burleigh.
Prayer Meeting Sunday evenings at 7.00
Thursday Evenings at 7. 30 P. M.
Baptist Church.
Pastor, Rev. G.M. Stilphen.
Supt. of Sunday School, Prof. F. Smith.
Preaching Service, 11 o'clock A. M.
Prayer Meetings, Sunday Evening at 7.00 and Thursday Evenings at 7.30 P. M.
Free Baptist Church.
Pastor, Rev. A. W Braden.
Supt. of Sunday School, David A. Ambrose.
Preaching Service, at 11 o'clock A. M.
Prayer Meetings, Sunday Evening at 7.00
Thursday Evenings, at 7.30 o'clock.
Y. P. S. C. E. of Meredith.
Pres., S. M. Bates, Sec'y. Mrs. Ida Moulton
Chocorua Lodge, No. 83, A. F. & A. M. Regular Meetings Wednesday Evenings on or before full moon.
Fred. L. Hawkins, W. M.
Perry A. Dilworth, Sec'y.
BELKNAP Lodge, No. 14, I. O. O. F. Meetings every Monday evening at 7:45.
J. A. Shields, N. G.
F. E. Philbrick,
I. C. Boynton, Sec.
Lakeport Rebekah Degree Lodge No. 34, meetings second and fourth Friday evenings, of each month, and Friday evening before Sept. 1, and at 7.30 p. m. from Sept. 1, to May 1.
Lydia R. Bartlett, N. G.
Mary A. Thompson, V. G.
Mary J. Cawley, Sec.
George So. Clark, Post No. 54, G. A. R. Meetings every Monday Evening.
Daniel Le Alexander, Adj.
Regular 2nd. and 4th Sat. of each month.
Camp William H. Hawkins, No. 6, S. of V. Meetings every Monday Evening.
E. G. Hilliard, Capt.
E. S. Clark, Clerk.
Winnipesaukee Grange.
No. 51, P. of H. Meetings 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month.
O. P. Smith, W. M.
G. P. Smith, Sec.
Waukewan Lodge No. 9, I. O. G. T. Meetings every Tuesday evening at 7:45.
W. H. Neal, C. T.
A. C. Clark, Sec.

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Edwin Cox,
Joseph P. Smith,
Town Clerk
F. L. Hawkins, M. D.
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THE LONE INN

By FERGUS HUME.

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One was that Frances Brairfield had been a college friend, and I was unwilling that his death should go unavenged. The story of his love for Olivia, which he had told me at the inn, contained the elements of a strange romance, eclipsed by this tragic end. I felt certain that Felix, though his hired lawyer, for I could call Street by no other name—had encompassed the death of his rival. Felix was pusillanimous enough to do this, and the meagre denial of Frances not only threatened to take vengeance from him, but also to [illegible] which would [illegible] her love and respect. There-fore his motive for averting such a catastrophe was a strong one. That he should determine on Frairfield's murder was a terrible thought, but there was no other course left to him by which to secure the woman he loved and the respect he valued. It was the mad action of a weak, passionate man, such as I knew Felix to be. Too cowardly himself to strike the fatal blow, he had hired Street to carry out his plans, and the sending had been duly accomplished, though in what way I was quite unable to say. It was sufficient for me to know that Francis was dead, and I felt myself called upon to avenge his death.

The other motive was perhaps the stronger one of detective fever. I was a bachelor. I had a good income and nothing to do. Therefore this quest was one of great interest to me. I had often hunted beasts, but this man hunt was a much more powerful incentive to excitement. I could hardly sleep for thinking of the case and was constantly engaged in piecing together the puzzle.

As yet I had no clear clew to follow, but the first thing to be settled was the identity of Felix at Marshminster with Felix at Paris. Once I established that point and proved conclusively that Felix had never left England, I would be in a position to prosecute the search in the neighborhood of Marshminster.

I own that there was an additional reason in the pique I felt at the scornful disbelief of Olivia. She evidently considered my story pure fiction, and the strange disappearance of the corpse from the inn confirmed her in this belief. Irritated by such contempt, I was resolved to bring home the crime to Felix and to prove conclusively to her that he was masquerading as her lover, the dead Francis. It would be a cruel blow when seized of the truth, but it was better that she should suffer temporary pain than drag out a lifelong agony chained to a man whom I knew to be a profligate, a liar and a murderer.

At the end of two days I confirmed myself in the resolution to hunt down Felix, and decided on the first step to go to Paris. Leaving Victoria by the night mail, I arrived in the French capital next morning. Anxious to lose no further time, I hastened at once to the Hotel des Etrangers, in the Rue de St. Honore, and there took up my quarters. Recovered from the fatigues of the journey, I partook of luncheon and then made inquiries about Felix Briarfield. To my surprise, I not only discovered that he was in Paris, but that he was in the hotel at that moment.

"Has he been staying here for any length of time?" I asked the manager.

"For six weeks, monsieur, and now talks of going to Italy," was the astonishing reply.

To say that I was surprised would give but a faint idea of what I felt. That the assertion of Olivia should thus prove true was almost impossible of belief. If Felix was here and had been here for the past six weeks, it could not possibly be he whom I had met at Marshminster. Assuming this to be the case, who was the man of the Fen inn who called himself Francis? My head was whirling with the endeavor to grapple with these thoughts. Suddenly an idea flashed into my brain which might possibly account for the mystery.

"Can it be," thought I, "that it was Felix whom I met at the inn—Felix, who tried to pass himself off as Francis and then invented that lying story? Perhaps he was not dead, as I thought, but merely plunged into a trance. When he revived, seeing the uselessness of fighting with Francis, he fled back to Paris."

All this time I stared hard at the manager. In reality I was puzzling out the mystery and not paying any attention to the man before me. He, however, grew weary under my regard and moved uneasily.

"Mr. Briarfield is now in his room, monsieur. Shall I take to him your card?"

"If you please," I answered mechanically and handed it to him. In a few moments a waiter came with a message stating that Mr. Briarfield would be glad to see me. I followed the man in a state of the utmost bewilderment and found myself in the presence of Felix before I knew what to say or do. He was so like Francis, whom I thought was lying dead at the Fen inn—so like the man who passed as Olivia's lover—that for the moment I could do nothing but stare at him. Yet he could be neither of the two, for one was dead, and the other I had left behind at Marshminster.

"How are you, Denham?" he said, somewhat surprised at my strange conduct. "And why do you stare so steadily at me?"

"Are you Felix Briarfield?" I gasped.

"As you see," he answered, raising his eyebrows a little. "Surely you know me well enough to dispense with so foolish a question."

"And your brother?"

"He is at Marshminster, I believe, with Miss Bellin, to whom he is engaged. Why do you ask so strange a question?"

I sat down on the sofa and buried my face in my hands. Either I was out of my mind or the victim of some terrible hallucination. I certainly had met Francis at the inn and beheld him dead under the roof. As surely had I seen the man I believed to be Felix at Marshminster. Yet here in Paris I beheld an individual who was neither the dead friend nor the living lover, and he called himself Felix Briarfield.

"I must be mad! I must be mad!" was all I could say for the moment.

"What is the matter, Denham?" asked Briarfield, touching my shoulder. "Are you ill?"

For answer I seized first one hand and then the other. On neither appeared the least scratch. Yet the man whom I believed to be Francis had a ragged wound on the right hand. My theory of a trance vanished into thin air at this proof that the men were distinct. Astounded by my action, Felix drew back in some alarm.

"How strangely you act, Denham!" he said unsaidly. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Do you think I am mad?" I asked irritably.

"Your action just now was scarcely the act of a sane person. Why did you examine my hands?"

"To see if they were cut in any way."

He turned the palms of his hands toward me and shook his head with a slight laugh.

"You see," he said, smiling, "they are absolutely free from cut or wound. Why do you expect them to be marred?"

I made no reply, but passed my hand across my brow. [illegible] I found myself was so strange and embarrassing that I did not know how to proceed. In the presence of facts I could not but admit that my story would sound but a wild invention.

"Come, Denham," said Briarfield soothingly. "You are clearly in some trouble and have come to me for help and advice. I'll give both to the best of my ability."

"I want neither," I muttered in a low voice, "but if you will answer some questions I wish to ask you will oblige me greatly."

Briarfield drew back with a queer look in his eyes, as if he thought my madness was increasing. However, he overcame the dread my actions apparently caused him and answered civilly enough:

"Certainly, if it will do you any good. What is it you wish to know?"

"Were you in England within the last seven days?"

"No; I have not been in England for at least six weeks."

"Do you know the Fen inn?"

"Never heard of it in all my life."

"Are you acquainted with a girl named Rose Street?"

"I don't even know her name."

"When did you last see Francis return to England from South America?"

"Three months ago."

"Have you seen him since his return?"

"Frequently in London, but he is now, I believe, at Marshminster."

"Do you know he is engaged to Miss Bellin?"

"Of course I do," said Briarfield. "The marriage takes place shortly, and I am to be the best man—that is, if I return in time."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm going to Italy tomorrow," said the young man, shrugging his shoulders, "and it is just possible that I may not trouble you to come to the east. In that case I may be absent from England for at least six months or more. During that time Francis will doubtless marry Miss Bellin. I shall not be able to be at the wedding."

"You have not been in England within the last six weeks. You don't know the Fen inn nor of the existence of Rose Street," I summed up. "Then I am the victim of some extraordinary hallucination."

"You are very extraordinary altogether," asserted Briarfield. "Now I have answered your questions, pray answer mine. Why do you ask all these things?"

"It is a strange story and one which you will scarcely believe."

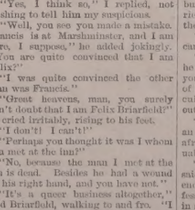
"Let me hear it."

Thus adjured, I told him the story of my adventure at the inn, but suppressed all mention of the belief I then entertained that the brothers had changed names. He listened attentively and eyed me with some concern. At the conclusion of the narrative he considered for a few moments before making any reply.

"I hardly know what to say," he said at length. "Your story is very circumstantial, yet you must have been deceived by the chance resemblance."

"I swear that the man I met at the Fen inn was your brother Francis."

"How can that be when Francis was at Bellin Hall, and Olivia said he had not been out of the house. Besides, you



"I never that the man I met at the Fen inn was your brother Francis."

say the man whom you believed to be Francis was murdered, yet you left Francis alive and well at Marshminster."

"I thought Francis was you."

"Ah! Deceived by our resemblance, no doubt."

"Yes, I think so," I replied, not wishing to tell him my suspicions.

"Well, you see you made a mistake. Francis is at Marshminster, and I am here, I suppose," he added jokingly. "You are quite convinced that I am Felix?"

"I was quite convinced the other man was Francis."

"Fresh heavens, man, you surely don't doubt that I am Felix Briarfield?" he cried irritably, rising to his feet.

"I don't! I can't!"

"Perhaps you thought it was I whom you met at the inn?"

"No, because the man I met at the inn is dead. Besides he had a wound on his right hand, and you have not."

"He is a queer business altogether," said Briarfield, walking to and fro. "I cannot but agree with your idea of hallucination."

"I tell you it is too real for hallucination."

"Then how can you explain it?" he demanded sharply, pausing before me.

"I can't explain it," I replied helplessly.

"If you had discovered the corpse when you returned to the inn, there might be some chance of solving the mystery. But you admit there was no corpse there."

"Not the vestige of one."

"Then that proves the thing to be hallucination," he said triumphantly. "If the man was murdered, who would take the trouble to remove the corpse?"

"Street might have done so to conceal the evidence of his crime.

"He fled the previous night by your own acknowledgment. The whole thing is ridiculous. If I were you, Denham, I would see a doctor. That brain of yours is in a dangerous state."

"In spite of all you say, I am certain it was Francis I met at the Inn."

"How can that be when he whom you met is dead and Francis is alive! It could not be Francis, and as I have not been out of Paris he could not have been me."

"Then who was it?"

"Some stranger, no doubt, in whom you saw a fatal resemblance to me."

"Impossible!"

"So I think," said Briarfield significantly. "For my part, I think you are subject to delusions. Do not pursue the case, my friend, or you may find yourself in a lunatic asylum."

"Will you come over to Marshminster and help me to solve the mystery?"

"Certainly not, Denham. My journey is an urgent one, and I must go to-morrow. I certainly don't intend to put them off for such a wild goose chase as you wish me to indulge in."

I took up my hat and prepared to go. The matter was beyond my comprehension.

"There is nothing for me but to return to England."

"Do," said Briarfield in a pitying tone, "and give up following this will-o'-the-wisp."

"It seems hopeless enough."

"Well, so far as I can see, it seems madness—nothing more nor less. My brother Francis is at Marshminster. You see me here, so it is absolutely impossible you could have met either of us at that inn, the more so as the man you met is dead, and we are both alive."

"Yes. Facts are too strong for me," I said, hotly, as I held out my hand. "Goodby, Briarfield. Many thanks for your kindness; but, oh, man," I added, with a burst of bitterness, "what does it all mean?"

"It's hallucination," said Briarfield. "Place yourself at once in the hands of a doctor."

CHAPTER VII.

After that interview with Felix I returned forthwith to London. I had accomplished the object of my journey and did not care about staying longer in Paris. My mind was much perturbed, as I was quite unable to come to any conclusion respecting the episode at the Fen inn. Beyond all doubt I had proved that Francis was at Marshminster, Felix in Paris. Who, then, was the man I had met at the inn? It was impossible that I could be mistaken in the identity of my college friend, yet in the face of such evidence as I had gathered it was ridiculous to cling to my first impressions. There could not be three brothers exactly alike in personal appearances, and yet I had beheld three men—at the Fen inn, at Marshminster and in Paris—who resembled each other in every respect. The more I pondered over the mystery, the deeper did it become, and the more confused grew my brain.

I began to think that I was the victim of some hallucination, as I could explain the matter in no other way. With this idea, which was the only feasible one left to me, I took the advice of Felix and on my return to town went to see Dr. Merrick. He, a specialist on diseases of the brain, listened to my story with great attention and questioned me closely on all points.

"There is some trickery about this, Mr. Denham," he said after consideration.

"You do not, then, think my meeting with Francis Briarfield was a hallucination?" I asked eagerly.

"There is no hallucination about you, sir," was the comforting response. "You seem to me as sane and matter of fact a person as I ever met."

"Then, if it is not hallucination, how do you account for my having met three men all exactly alike when I know there are only two with that special appearance in existence?"

"I think it is trickery," repeated Merrick, nursing his chin. "This is more a case for a detective than for a doctor. Were I you, Mr. Denham, I would employ a good detective and probe the mystery thoroughly. The matter seems miraculous to you now, but I feel sure when you learn the solution you will be surprised at its simplicity."

"If I am sane, as you say and as I believe myself to be, I will brush out the matter myself."

"Better get a trained man, Mr. Denham. From what you have told me I see you have to do with a criminal of no ordinary intelligence. It is an extraordinary case," mused the doctor, "and I do not wonder at the fascination it seems to exercise over you. Were I in your place"——

"Were you in my place?" seeing he hesitated.

"Then as I setting up for a lawyer," said Merrick quaintly. "To tell you the honest truth, Mr. Denham, you have inoculated me with detective fever. I should like to solve this problem myself. Criminal investigation has always been rather a hobby of mine. In my business I meet with some queer experiences. There are more insane people in the world than you think."

"Tell me your ideas, doctor, and I'll carry them out and report progress."

"Good! I'll be the sleeping partner," he said in an amused tone, "but I warn you, Mr. Denham, that from what I see of this case it will be one of great difficulty and may take months to work out."

"I don't mind that. It is nothing to an idle man like myself, but I am afraid, Dr. Merrick, I take up your valuable time."

"Oh, I can spare a few minutes," said the doctor quickly. "I work hard enough, so it is permitted to even a professional man to indulge occasionally in some amusement. This case is to me"——

"Well, and your idea?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Coming to Particulars.

"I am sensible of the honor you do me, Mr. Spoonamore, in the proposal of marriage you have just made," said the young woman, with a slight curl of the lip, "but circumstances over which I have no control will compel me to decline the honor."

"What are those circumstances, Miss Grimshawe?" fiercely demanded the young man.

"Your circumstances, Mr. Spoonamore."—Chicago Tribune.

TOO LATE FOR THE OCEAN STEAMER.

Dozens of Passengers Get Down to the Dock at the Last Minute.

An interesting and sometimes exciting phase of New York life is found in the effort of a great many people to leave it. If you care to rise very early in the morning for studies of your kind, go down to the pier of one of the great ocean liners on sailing day. Seven o'clock is the usual sailing hour, and 7 o'clock in the morning is a decidedly early hour for New York's wealthy pleasure seekers.

One of the first things that strike the notice of the old timer of steamboat days, especially the river man, is the promptness and regularity which characterize the movements of the "liner." Seven o'clock means 7 o'clock. Exactly on the second the deep voice of command echoes from the [illegible] of the single remaining [illegible] turned [illegible] ses drawn in upon the pier, the engineer's bell jingles, and the big screw begins to revolve. Within the first minute the immense body of the ship swings clear of the dock. Two minutes later she is slowly heading down stream bound for the open sea, a tug or two snorting and pulling at her gigantic nose to shorten the turn.

The next curious fact to the onlooker is that somebody who is booked for that particular steamer comes tearing down to the pier in a cab or four wheeler piled with small luggage just in time to witness this last evolution in the river. Sometimes this unhappy individual is a woman who has spent one minute too many before her mirror in settling the pitch of a bonnet. Sometimes it is a man who long ago lingered with friends just one minute too long over a parting glass, and sometimes both man and woman come. And then, oh, my! How they give it to each other there in the cab or, as the case it is a case of hysterics—in the other a case of unprintable oaths. And the whole crowd on the pier, up to that time absorbed in floating handkerchiefs and tears and waving hats, suddenly stops, and that scene is still something left in New York worth looking at and turn from the departing ship to the belated traveler.

I have been down at the piers on sailing day several times, and these two features have always attracted my attention. I do not say they are invariable, but I never saw a ship lose half a minute of her starting time and have always seen somebody left at the last moment. There are dozens and scores of passengers who come down to the dock at the last minute and scramble on in the most unlimited manner. The slightest accident to the passengers' carriages, a lazy car ahead, a block of trucks or any one of the thousand and one common things of such a character would throw them out of the passenger list which they had probably paid and destroy their entire programme of pleasure. They could get there, of course, minutes or hours before if they chose, but this is the only way to attract attention and is deemed worth the risk.—New York Herald.

Three Times and Out.

A gentleman living out on College street drove down to the city the other evening after his wife, and not finding her started home again. After leaving the city he saw a woman walking along in the street ahead whom he took for his better half. Riding up to her, he said, "Get in," when she turned a strange face up to him and answered: "Thank ye, sir. You look all right, but I don't know you."

He apologized and drove on, when he saw another lady walking on ahead. This surely is she, he thought, and approaching her in the darkness he said: "I've been looking for you. Will you ride home with me?" "I guess that you have made a mistake," she said as she looked up. Again he apologized and drove on.

It does not sound like fact, but he did see another woman walking home along the clay road whom he approached, saying rather tartly: "Emma, wife, get in here. I've been making a fool of myself all the way up." She likewise proved a stranger.

When the man saw a fourth woman walking in the twilight, he set his teeth, and whipping his horse into a run went by her like the wind. That woman was his wife.—Lewiston Journal.

It Worked the Other Way.

"Er—our revival has resulted in so many accessions to the church," said the minister, leaning back in his chair and putting the tips of his fingers together, "that I—um, ah—I think it would not be a bad idea for my salary to be increased."

"I'm afraid we can't do it, brother," replied the deacon. "You see, the only way we got so many of them to join was by explaining that with a large membership the burden of carrying a minister at the salary you are now getting would be but little felt."—Indianapolis Journal.

Presented at Court.

"It must be mighty fine," said Plodding Pete, who had been reading foreign news from a fugitive scrap of paper, "ter move in de circles of royal society. How'd yer like ter be presented at court?"

"I have been," replied Meandering Mike.

"G'way! Who done it fur ye?"

"De grn' jury."—Washington Star.

He Wished He Hadn't Spoken.

The Husband—That's a foolish habit women have of carrying their pocketbooks in their hands when on the street.

The Wife—Why so?

The Husband—Well, for one thing, they might be stolen.

The Wife—Well, John, if there isn't any more in them than you give me to put in mine, it wouldn't matter much.—New York Press.

The * Meredith * News.

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TERMS

$1.00 per annum, paid Strictly in Advance. Liberal inducements to Agents.

Entered at the Post Office in Meredith, N. H., as Second Class Matter.

Push Beverly. Join hands with your local paper, and help build up our fair city. Remember that her interests are your interests, that it is only in union that there is strength, that it is only individual co-operation that makes a successful community. Unite with us in doing all you can for this, the best city on earth. Patronize your local paper and help to push Beverly. [Beverly Times.

What is true in Beverly is equally true in Meredith, help us to double our circulation, and we will give you the best paper in Northern New Hampshire. Together we can boom the town, bring new industries, within our borders, both materially and in the building up of our town.

Did you receive a copy of the News this week? If so we trust that it may please you and that you will, as an evidence of your approval, give us your support for the coming year.

The subscription price is only one dollar per year and the larger our subscription list the better paper we shall be able to furnish.

The question has been raised because of the cartoons which we have published, if we intended to make it a Republican paper? we answer No, but to be an independent paper it is not necessary that we should support the Democratic party through thick and thin, right or wrong. On the contrary, we believe in supporting only such men and measures as will be for the best interests of all, irrespective of party affiliations.

Our personal politics are not to be intruded upon our readers.

To give the local news will be our earnest endeavor, with such general news as we may be able to gather.

Arrangements are being made for several new features, and the larger our subscription list the better paper we can furnish.

We have used all of the stock of paper which was on hand when we took possession of the office and today the paper is printed on the grade which we intend to use hereafter.

We shall spare no effort to make it the best paper in this section of New Hampshire, admitting nothing to its columns that can offend the most sensitive, striving in every way to make it a welcome visitor in the family circle.

Will you aid us in this endeavor? You can do so in the manner suggested by sending us your subscription for the coming year with the small sum of one dollar.

Church and Society News.

Twenty-five brothers from Ashland Lodge of Odd Fellows, paid a fraternal visit to Belknap Lodge, No. 34, I. O. O. F. last Monday, evening. Two candidates received the initiating degrees, which was conferred in a most excellent manner, a pleasant time was enjoyed by all. Speeches followed the regular work, after which a fine collation was served.

Rev. Mr. Bard, a former pastor of the North church, will preach there next Sunday, Sept. 23.

On Sabbath Sept. 23, the pastor of the Baptist church will preach from the following subject: "God in the Church and the Nation." Text: Acts 5:36-38. "Before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody; to whom a number of men joined themselves. And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone." Sabbath school at close of this service. All are cordially invited to remain.

In the evening at 7 o'clock, the pastor will deliver a lecture upon some of the closing events of our Lords life, begining with the betrayal by Judas, subject: "One hour with Christ." To interest and make more plain, illustrations will be thrown upon canvas by a powerful light. 1 scene, Judas, 2, Mary, mother of Jesus, 3, Christ, 4, Departure from Bethany, 5, On the way to the last supper, 6, The Lords Supper, 7, The garden of Gethsemane, 8, Disciples asleep in the garden, 9, Angels appear to Christ, 10, The kiss that cost a soul, 11: Caiphas, 12, Christ before Caiphas, 13, The trial before Caiphas, 14, Pilate, 15, Christ before Pilate, 16, Judas again, 17, Herod, 18, Let all come early and secure seats. Invite your friends to come with you.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75.

LOCAL NEWS

—W. H. Moses was in town, Monday.

—Ned Wiggin of Milford, has been visiting friends in town.

—Mrs. Frank Webster attended the Plymouth fair this week.

—John P. Kendrick of Norwood, Mass., is home, being in poor health.

—Large lines of fall and winter goods now arriving at Mansfield's.

—Mr. Freeman Bixby of Lang st. has harvested 150 bushels of potatoes.

—Henry Wallace and family have moved into the tenement of R. S. Moses'.

—Miss Eva B. Clark, of Meredith Neck, spent last Sunday with friends in Plymouth.

—Mrs. Maria Cotton is confined to her home by a severe attack of rheumatism.

—Mr. Smith Paine of Meredith Neck, has entered the employ of J. W. Peck & Co.

—Mr. George Nicholson, who has been spending the summer at York beach has returned home.

—Mrs. D. A. Ambrose of Main st. has returned home from a visit to friends in Moultonborough.

—Mr. Charles McCrillis of Water street has commenced on his duties as night watchman at the mill.

—Miss Olive Wadleigh has returned from Michigan where she has been making an extended visit with friends.

—Mrs. Weeks of Waukewan street, is making improvements on her residence. The work is in charge of Mr. Charles Meloon.

—Miss May Jenness, formerly of this village, who has been spending some weeks with friends here, left Thursday for Tilton.

—D. Emery Eaton, organist of the Baptist church, was out of town last Sunday, and Mrs. Albert Kidder officiated in his place.

—Mrs. D. E. Eaton has returned from Mass., and the family are spending a few days at the "Island Beautiful", Lake Waukewan.

—Mrs. Sam Hodgson of Highland street, who has been suffering from an illness of several weeks duration, is now on the road to recovery.

—The Meredith Base Ball Club were to play at the Plymouth Fair with the Lancaster's, Thursday, but the rain prevented the game.

—Mr. G. F. C. Merriss who has been employed as an inspector on the pipe line, has gone to Boston to accept a professional engagement.

—Mr. Joseph Bordreau of Winnepesaukee street sustained severe injuries to his left hand while engaged at his work at the M. S. & L. Co., last Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Morland and daughter, who have been visiting at Mrs. J. P. Lang's returned home yesterday, Mr. Morland's mother who has been with them, has gone to Newbury, Vt.

—Mrs. M. Whittier of Springfield Mass., formerly of this town, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Thurston, returned to her home last Tuesday. She was accompanied by her two children.

—Mrs. Emmons of Bristol, who was called to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Philbrick, by the illness and death of her grandson, has also been taken ill and is under a physician's care.

—Quite a number of our residents are engaged in making alterations and improvments in the grounds about their homes. Among them are: I. Prescott, T. B. Choate, Geo. Thurston, and Hosea Q. Chase.

—Our well known citizen J. M. Mayo, intends taking a short vacation, leaving Meredith sometime during the coming week, he will visit Danbury, Conn., and Chazy, N. Y. We join in wishing him a pleasant time.

—Nathaniel Cornell a member of Chocorua Lodge, No. 83, A. F. & A. M. died Wednesday, Sept. 19. Burial will occur today (Saturday) at one o'clock. A special communication of the lodge will be held at 11 30 a. m.

—Mrs. M. M. Emery of Lewiston, Me., widow of the late Rev. Ira Emery, is in town on a brief visit. Rev. Mr. Emery was pastor of the Baptist church in Meredith for two years, and universally beloved. Mrs. Emery has many warm friends here.

—Mr. Rollins of Ashland, has become a resident of this village, and is occupying the Prescott house on Waukewan street. He is employed by the Meredith Shook & Lumber Co., and was assisted in the removal of his household effects by Mr. Charles Fogg formerly of Meredith.

—Mr. and Mrs. Cox, nee Miss Emma Avery, of Bristol were in town this week visiting at the residence of of Mr. John Avery, of High street. They came over the road on their "silent steeds" and Mrs. Cox was attired in a natty and becoming bicycle costume of the divided skirt pattern.

—The gates were lifted at the reservoir for the first time last Wednesday, and it took precisely twenty minutes for the force of water collected to escape through a sixteen inch pipe. Predictions of an empty reservoir seem to fall flat in the face of this fact. H. Jones has had a gang of workmen employed there this week, in building the bridge and putting the roof on the gate house.

—John Keefe of Concord, Mass., while with a party of excursionists on board the steamer Maid of the Isles was drowned near the landing at the Weirs, last Tuesday, while climbing from one deck to the other. Although a fine swimer he could not save himself. Every effort possible was made to reach him, rowboats put out from the Weirs but succeded put out from the Weirs but succeded put out from the Weirs but succeded

THE MEREDITH NEWS.

AMERICAN MADE CANDY.

Nothing Injurious to Health Can Be Found In Its Ingredients.

G. W. Jenkins of Philadelphia, an officer of the National Confectioners' association, talked to a reporter about the composition of candy. "Our association," he said, with great emphasis, "will forfeit $100 and another similar association will forfeit a like sum to any one who will find the smallest portion of any substance injurious to health in any American made candy. This offer remains open indefinitely."

"All American candy is made of pure sugar then?"

"I will not say that. Some of the cheaper grades are mainly made of fine flour or of pulverized starch. Glucose is also used to some extent. But glucose is simply a clear, handsome corn syrup, with no injurious qualities.

"And no saccharine matter?"

"And not a bit of saccharine matter."

"And how much terra alba do you confectioners use?"

"Not an ounce of terra alba. Not an ounce of terra alba is used in any American made candy. We will pay you $100 if you can find a trace of it."

"Candy is of various grades then?"

"Oh, yes. The gumdrops are the cheapest grade of candy made. Of course they are not made of sugar. There is no pretense that they are."

"Gum arabic, I suppose?"

"Gum arabic chiefly. And, as I have said, some manufacturers use flour or fine starch in some of the cheaper grades—in stick candy especially. But one of the main objects of this association is to discourage the use of any substance that can injure the public health, and we have seen that we have succeeded in this aim."

"Are brandied goods made now to a considerable extent?"

"Yes; we make them constantly, but there is not so large a demand for the old style brandy drops as formerly. Brandy is now used chiefly as a flavoring in various forms of chocolate goods. It is used only as a flavoring, just as we use rose, vanilla and other forms of flavoring in the same goods."

"Do the liquor laws interfere with these goods in any of the states?"

"Not at all. How could they? We do not sell brandy by the gallon, quart or glass. The laws cannot touch sales made in the way we make them—by the pound. And then, again, there is really very little brandy in a brandy drop or a brandy chocolate, not more than two or three drops, just enough to give a brandy flavor."

"Where do these brandy goods go chiefly—among school children?"

"School children! No. The goods are too expensive to be bought exclusively by school children. They retail for 80 cents a pound. They go into the general trade and are sold with the fine mixed candies just the same as the other flavors. What are popularly known as fine French candies are more apt to contain these goods than any other variety."—Boston Advertiser.

A Well Paid Author.

There is in Ribe, Denmark, one author who is paid much better for his work than Zola. That man is the venerable bishop of Ribe, Mr. Balsley, the author of "Luther's Little Catechism, With Explanatory Remarks." Up to date the little catechism has appeared in 160 editions, about the same number which "Nana" has reached. But while every edition of "Nana" only consists of 1,000 copies that of the catechism amounts to 10,000, and although it contains only 72 small pages, half of which are crowded with quotations, the bishop of Ribe has drawn as large a revenue from Luther's little catechism as Zola has from his own big "Nana," which numbers nearly 500 pages, closely printed. An exact calculation will show that every single verse of the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," accompanied by the explanatory remark, "Pray for that only which you need!" is worth $1,000 to the bishop.—New York Sun.

Lines at Burns' Cottage.

At Burns' cottage, Ayr (Alloway), I copied literally the following printed scrap. It is inclosed in a glass case and without date. The lines were written at the cottage. Burns was the great poet of humanity:

Though Scotland boast a thousand names
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw—
A hovel made with clay.
One door shuts out the storm and snow;
One window greets the day.

And yet I stand within this room
And hold all thrones in scorn,
For here beneath this lowly thatch
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this humble hut I feel
The one to whom I bow
When the glad lips at last have touched
The consoling Heavenly Dove.
—American in New York Sun.

A Giant Baby.

"My baby has dimples and one cow's milk, and I want one cow's milk only if I take milk from you," said the young mother to the Irish milkman.

"The cow's milk your baby takes!" said the astonished milkman. "Then, begorn, your baby must be a giant, for I haven't a cow that gives less than 10 quarts a day."—New York Press.

Proof of Goodness.

A lady who has a trustworthy cook who is quite a character gave her permission recently to go and nurse a sick friend. When Bridget returned, she told her mistress all about it, and also that the husband offered himself before the funeral.

"Oh, Bridget, I hope you won't marry and leave me."

"And, sure," said Bridget, "he's a very fine man. I laid out the corpse, and there wasn't a black mark on her."—Boston Herald.

Still He Was Not Pleased.

He had my picture taken along with Nero—my big St. Bernard, you know. May I have the pleasure of presenting you with a copy?

Sir—Oh, I guess so. I always did admire a handsome dog.—Indianapolis Journal.

AMONG THE FINEST PROSE.

Ruskin's Glowing Description of the Campanile of Giotto at Florence.

This passage from Ruskin is one of the two instances cited by Rev. Charles Ringsley, himself a writer of much power and beauty, as the finest examples known to him of modern prose. It is the ending of "The Lamp of Beauty" in "The Seven Lamps of Architecture." Thus it reads:

"I remember well how, when a boy, I used to despise the Campanile Giotto at Florence and think it meanly smooth and finished. But I have since lived beside it many a day and looked out upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not soon forget how profound and gloomy appeared to me the savageness of the northern Gothic, when I afterward stood for the first time beneath the Alps of Chamouni.

"The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt, between the rising of those gray walls out of their quiet, swarded space, like dark and stern rocks out of a lake, roughened with their rude, moldering, rough grained shafts and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martins' nests in the height of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing hue, on which myriad shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the eastern sky, that wreath of basrelief, human alabaster, colored like a morning cloud and crossed like a seashell.

"And if this be, as I believe it, the model and mirror of perfect architecture, is there not something to be learned by looking back to the early life of him who raised it? I said that the power of the human mind had its growth in the wilderness. Much more must the early and fresh perception of that beauty, whose every line and hue we have seen to be, at the best, a faded image of God's daily work and an arrested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly as in the places where the shadow of God is by planting there the fir tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence, but among the faraway fields of her lilies, was the child trained who was to raise for his gladness of beauty above the towers of watch and war.

"Remember all that he became, count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the hearts of men, and then ask who followed him what they learned at his feet, and when you have numbered his labors and received their testimony, if it seems to you that God has vainly poured out upon his servant no common nor restrained portion of his spirit and that he was indeed a king among the children of men, remember also that the legend upon his crown was that of David's, 'I took thee from the sheepcote and from following the sheep.'"

Telegraph Codes.

The compiler of a really reliable and comprehensive code is met at the outset of his undertaking by a difficulty that so far has defied all attempts at solution beyond a certain point. Despite the fact that those of the cable companies permit him to lay under contribution eight languages, the total number of words that can be used with safety for cooking purposes is only about 1,000. The reasons for this are twofold. First, the companies decline to permit the use of any code word of more than 10 letters, and it is dangerous to employ those having less than seven, owing to the difficulty of detecting an error in short words. Further, thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of words, are rejected because of the similarity of the telegraphic symbols formed by the letters.

Figures are rarely telegraphed. The possibility of noting an error in a group of arbitrary figures is very remote. Should a letter or two be omitted or added, the various ways of correcting the mistake—the sense, the context and the reference to the code. But these guides do not apply to the cases of figures. A very remarkable and unexpected error is a repetition of the message at an enhanced cost of 50 per cent. Numbers therefore are expressed by a code word. Errors in the transmission of amounts of money are very rare. A banker's code contains words for every possible sum of money, from a halfpenny up to hundreds of thousands of pounds, and the authors have exhibited great ingenuity in making a limited supply of words do very extensive service. —Chambers' Journal.

Tree Mines.

One of the most curious industries in the world is the business of mining for coffin planks, which is carried on in upper Tonquin, a portion of the French possessions in southwestern Asia, a dispatch to Scientific says. In this province there exists a great underground deposit of logs, which were probably the trunks of trees engulfed by an earthquake or some other convulsion of nature at a comparatively recent period.

The trees are a species of pine known to the natives, and also to some extent to European commerce, as camphor wood. The wood is almost imperishable and has the quality, either through its nature or as the result of its sojourn underground, of resisting decay from damp. This quality makes it particularly valuable for the manufacture of coffins, and for this purpose it is largely exported to Europe.

The trees are often a yard in diameter. They are buried in the earth at a depth of from two to eight yards and are dug up by native labor as demand is made for them.—Youth's Companion.

Dougall's Suggestion.

A highlander applied for and obtained employment on a gentleman's estate not a hundred miles from Ullapool. "What's your name, my man?" asked the foreman. "Dougall Macquilleon, sir," was the reply. "How do you spell it?" Dougall paused and scratched his head. "Indeed I don't know, sir. I never spelt it, an my father he never spelt it either. I don't think it was ever intended to be spelt at all. Put it down without spelling, sir."—Scotsman

THE BREATH OF THE FURZE.

The breath of the furze came over the hill
On a moonlit night when the wind was still
From the tall keen spires of the golden town
That sprang his limit on the seaward down—
The breath of the furze came over the hill
In a mist of gold and a mist of green—
We stood forth for the world's delight
When the wind came over the hill.

The breath of the furze came down to the sea,
With the blackbird's notes from the hazel tree;
Sweet as sparkle, warm as peat,
Silent with the salt of the wave we beat,
Through the morning glory it strove in vain
To be as its marvelous meaning plain.
For the world was reeling with sound and scent
And glow of the mid-May firmament.

The breath of the furze came over the heath
From the gold above and the gold beneath,
Where the yellow thrush sings out his soul
Where the chaffinch builds and the ring doves coo!
Wandering waiters with welcome chime
Hailed it swiftly from time to time,
And the milkmaid, where the dark drew night,
Wove it into his minstrelsy.

The breath of the furze like a dream stole in
To the city's hearth through the drought and din.
With a sudden wonder a woman stopped
Where a yellow bough in the dust was dropped,
And all in a moment the tired mart
In healing streams to her dull, hard eyes,
And the spark of life that a dead soul keeps
Leaped suddenly kindled in answer.

"I will arise now and go once more
To the cottage gate by the brown seashore,
Where the brooklet sprays to the foam de-
scends—
Over the cliff where the furze brake ends.
Where the cowslips are blooming now
Where the whitethroat sings on the white
thorn bough.
Perhaps my mother is waiting still
Where the breath of the furze comes over the
hill."

—M. C. Gillington in Spectator.

Baby's Testimony.

Here is a rather pretty story that is vouched for by a London journal, showing how a small baby once got his mother into very serious difficulties and then made amends by getting her out again. It seems that a poor seamstress with a child in her arms was tried for the theft of three gold coins. She said in defense: "I went to my employer's house on business. I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and unknown to me it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for endeavoring to palm off such a ridiculous tale. But she pertinaciously asserted her innocence that a novel experiment was made in her favor. One of the officials proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. The gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to resume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled and then clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

Napoleon's Arithmetic.

Napoleon used to make mistakes in figures, absolute and positive as he was in his love to be. He could have worked out the most complicated mathematical problems, and yet he could barely total up a sum correctly. It is fair to add that these errors were not always made without intention. For example, in calculating the number of men who were to make up his battalions, regiments or divisions, he always used to increase the sum total. One can hardly believe that in doing so he wanted to deceive himself, but he often thought it useful to exaggerate the strength of his armies. It was no use pointing out any mistake to his friend. He refused to admit it and obstinately maintained his voluntary arithmetical error.—Memoirs Baron de Meneval.

Bismarck's Best Smoke.

"The value of a good cigar," said Prince Bismarck in conversation with some friends, "is best understood when it is the last you possess and there is no chance of getting another. At Bourges I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle as a miser guards his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated my chances. A poor dragoon lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found that I had only gold, which would be of no use to him. But stay, I had still my cherished cigar. I lighted it for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

What Paper Is Made Of.

Paper is one of the most lavishly used articles of modern times. The materials of which it can be made are almost as numerous and common as the uses to which the finished article is put.

There are something over 2,000 patents covering the making of paper. It may be manufactured, under some one of them, from the leaves of trees; from hop plants, bean stalks, sea grass; from the husks and stalks of Indian corn and every variety of grain; from moss, clover and timothy hay and more than 100 kinds of grasses; from straw and cocoanut fiber; from fresh wood pulp and seaweeds; from sawdust, shavings and asbestus; from thistles and thistle down; from banana skins, tobacco stalks and tan bark; from hair, wool, fur, old sacking or bagging and from almost any other imaginable refuse. —Kate Field's Washington.

He Was In.

An Arkansas man the other day rapped on his coffin just as the minister was about to begin the burial service over him. A man in the room, who thought some one outside was knocking at the door, yelled "Come in," hearing which the supposed dead man in the coffin exclaimed: "What's the matter with your ! am in already and want to get out." He finally became so obstreperous that the funeral had to be postponed.—New York Tribune.

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

But Very Queer Things Happened to Him Just the Same.

There is a gentleman of uncertain age, but with quite an amiable disposition, residing out on the Suburban road, who has a grievance, and he does not care who knows it. As the story goes, this particular spot endears a wife and three or four children and incidentally everything else to make him happy. There is only one fault in the family—the wife is very superstitious. She believes in dreams and signs and omens, to the utter disgust of the head of the family.

The disgusted husband started out the other night to convince his better half that there was nothing in dreams and omens. He turned over the saltbox at the table and did not get mad, he walked under a stepladder and was not nonsensated, he looked at a cross eyed man in a street car and carried out none of the instructions that would prevent a horrible disaster, and he did many other things that caused his wife to believe that he would certainly die before morning. He didn't die, however, but while standing this morning with a regular Mr. Bowser smile on his face.

He did not forget to call his wife's attention to the fact, either, and it reminded her that she had forgotten to want to hear any more silly talk about "thms and so" being a sure sign of "such and such." The head of the house left home in a happy frame of mind this morning, fondly believing that he had convinced his wife.

He alighted from a car at Locust and Sixth streets, and after walking a half block north on Sixth street he put into a cellar.

Only one finger was broken, but he was jolted up in such a manner as to cause grave uneasiness. While returning home in a car the car jumped off the track, and he narrowly escaped death. Upon reaching his residence he accidentally tumbled over a baby carriage and rebroke his finger. While at home in bed, with the ever comforting wife ministering to his wants, he never mentioned anything about her superstition.—St. Louis Republic.

Promotion on the Field of Battle.

On the field of battle the Emperor Napoleon would pull up in front of a regiment, and calling the officers by name would ask for such and such by his name. He would ask them to mention whom among them they considered most worthy of promotion or of a decoration, and then passed on to the soldiers. Such testimony delivered by those of the same rank bound the various regiments together with the bands of confidence and esteem, and these promotions, granted by the soldiers themselves, had all the more value in their eyes.

In the course of one of these distributions of military rewards, which were like family scenes, an under officer was designated to the emperor as the bravest and the best. The colonel, while agreeing that he possessed all the qualities necessary to make a good officer, added that, considering him this justice, he regretted that on account of a wound received back he was unable to recommend him for promotion. "What is it?" asked Napoleon quickly. "Sire, he can neither read nor write." "I appoint that officer, colonel. You will have him admitted as such."—Memoirs Baron de Meneval.

Two Brothers.

In Marblehead, Mass., two brothers are living who have not spoken with each other in many years. They are twins and as like each other as two peas in a pod. One is named John Thomas and the other Thomas John. Each is the only relative the other has in the world, and yet for some little tiff they had many years ago one said, "I'll never speak to you again," and the other said likewise. They live in the same house, eat at the same table, but occupy separate parts. They have one boat in common and go fishing together, but recognize no word. Sometimes they go with them each will talk freely to him and in the other's presence, but no remark will pass between them. And yet they are friendly. Should one be sick the other would and the other would nurse him carefully, for if one hears the other slightly spoken of there is trouble at once, and he will defend the absent one with his last breath.—New York Press.

Cultivating Cinchona.

The path passes at first through cinchona plantations, and as it rises from the plain commands fine views of the fertile valley and of the mountain ranges to its south. The cultivation of the cinchona tree is one of the principal industries of Java, and the chemical process adopted by the Dutch for the preparation of the drug is said to produce the best and purest of quinine procurable. This is carried out in Holland, whither the bark as stripped from the trees and dried is exported.

Cinchona plantations are frequent on the lower hills throughout Java, and the trees are of all sizes, from the mere sapling up to 30 feet high. The price of quinine has fallen so low in the European markets that its production is said to scarcely pay expenses, and most of the cinchona now grown is government property. —Blackwood's Magazine.

What a Bachelor Thinks.

Man that is married to woman is of many days and is full of worry. In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening, behold, it is all gone. It goeth, but he knows not whose. He spendeth shekels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the body and lay of his family, yet he is seen at the gates of the city with but one suspender. He goeth forth as an ox or ass and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He rises, clad in the silk garments of the night, and seeketh the postman bugent paregoric which hetieth the colicky stomach of his offspring. Yea, he is altogether wretched and full of misery. While is the maid mad bread is the way that baketh in the gate of matrimony, and many there be that go in thereat.—Wooster Enterprise.

HER LAST LETTER.

The Convict Receives It From His Wife, Who Dies Ere It Is Mailed.

He sent the letter as it finished, then stretched food from outstretched hands and stepped to the little window, through whose iron bars the soft beams of light were stealing. One look was enough to tell his throng her last letter it was from her, and in his joy the bleached fingers trembled so violently that he could scarcely hold the dainty sheet.

He knew she had not been well for some time, and how thankful he felt to get these few words of love and tenderness, for if she were to die he—"My God!" he breathed to himself in terror, the thought was too terrible.

He read on through the plaintive, gentle message, and hope, telling him how she loved him, and how she missed him, and what dreams she had woven for their future, when his sentence should expire, and tears of agony rolled down his cheeks—she told him that

"A BABE IS AT REST."

Touch the harp lightly,
A babe is at rest,
Sleeping so sweetly
On a fond mother's breast
That ever the angels,
With guardfulness above,
Seem near them to hover
With feelings of love.

Touch the harp lightly,
A shadow has flown
Over that household,
Now dreary and lone.
In doubt and in anguish
We watch and we pray
That out from the shadow
May smile the bright day.

Touch the harp lightly,
An angel has come,
And baby will waken
In the angels' bright home!
How blest is the mother
To whom it is given
To know her dear darling
Will waken so blessed!
—Nathan Upham in New York Ledger.

AN HONEST BURGLAR

I am in the burgling business and I maintain that it can be conducted as honestly as any other. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I certainly have raised it to a much higher level than it was when I first selected that means of a livelihood.

My motto, "Honesty Is the Best Policy—Sew," is neatly engraved on all my professional tools, and the title of "The Honest Burglar" will go on my tombstone in due time and when my strictly honorable exploits can be safely mentioned with pride by my relatives and friends.

I always make a point of seeking a foeman worthy of my steel. Ere I do I enter a house, no matter what inducements its contents may offer, which has not the very latest scientific burglar protections. Ordinary locks and bolts I positively refuse to attack, and ruthlessly left open doors and windows I disdain to make use of. I leave those tidbits for dishonest burglars who take not the professional pride that I find so high toned and profitable and so encouraging to one's self respect.

Now that I have properly introduced my honest self I'll tell a story.

A wealthy chap who had made his millions in a way I despise had erected a grand mansion with all the finest electrical burglar alarms known to date. Every door and window was doubly protected, so the slightest touch after the alarms were set would jangle numberless bells and turn on the lighted gas all over the house in a brilliant illumination. In addition to all that melodious display there were telltale strips on each staircase and tempting bits of silverware connected with wires to the main battery left in plain sight by the safe in the dining room.

All these inspiring preparations, so expensive and troublesome for their owner, gave to me a glorious delight, and I looked forward to attacking them with all a small boy's Fourth of July enthusiasm.

At last the battle night came, and with it Mr. William Mummer, my active partner in the business.

Mr. Mummer was highly respected in the profession. Like myself, he never stooped to any mean trick and equally noted for his gentlemanly ways and sturdy honesty.

Only once in his busy life was he ever taken in and done for, and I couldn't blame him a bit for either.

You see, he was making a professional call on a rich bachelor, and while putting things away in the handsome room he was painfully surprised by the sudden arrival of his host with some gentlemen friends. Not willing to seem intrusive, Mr. Mummer quietly slipped under the bed to await an opportunity for departing pleasantly.

From his snug retreat Mr. Mummer beheld six well polished boots spread themselves comfortably on the Turkish rug, evidently in shape to stay awhile, despite Williams's anxiety to catch the train for home.

Soon the jolly gentlemen lighted cigars and commenced telling funny stories, ending each one with a chorus of hearty laughter.

William, who understood the proper etiquette of not mixing in where he wasn't wanted, kept a becoming silence until a funnier story than usual was told, and then, after an agonizing struggle to choke down his unfortunate mirth, he exploded with a tremendous "Haw, haw, haw!" which frightened the gentlemen staunchly.

It is needless to say that Mr. Mummer had ample time afterward to enjoy the joke while taking a little vacation from business in the state laundry.

But he soon recovered my respect for his sterling qualities by a trick he played when cornered in a fashionable boarding house one night.

While the landlady was ringing the big bell and the alarmed boarders were searching for him with guns Mr. Mummer entered a deserted room and promptly went to bed with his boots on. There, with the blankets tightly tucked under his handsome chin, he lay yelling as loud as the loudest and grandly ordering the bold warriors with guns from his room when they rushed in to see if he was being murdered.

Twas lucky his bed belonged to a terror stricken maiden lady who had sought refuge elsewhere. Otherwise Mr. Mummer might not have been so smart, after all. He left with our share of the scrape at daylight and took his swag, too, and consequently his fame was undiminished by that episode.

Now that I have introduced Mr. William Mummer, Esq., I will go on with my story.

'Twas a black midnight in a dreary November. The sky was clouded and a lively wind was banging shutters and moaning through the swaying branches as Bill and I quietly stole along the dismally dark and deserted country road.

With valises containing articles used in our trade, and smoking pipes with stoppers on to hide their glow, resolutely made good time over the wet and soggy ground till old Fort Electricity, as we dubbed the object of our attack, loomed up before us.

We knew the place well, for both Bill and myself had managed to secure work there when the home was under repair. Through a side door and across the large lawn from tree to tree we crept cautiously, pausing frequently to observe and listen.

Not a sound save the uncanny screech of an owl and the blustering chilly wind soughing among the evergreens and creaking the bare tree tops fell on our eager ears.

Thanks to the supposed superior protection of electricity, dogs were not set to hand to interfere with our pleasure, though had there been we had a patent way of winning their friendship.

When we got close to the house, we made a circuit around it, and finding everything safe and comfortable we prepared for business. Instead of attempting a guarded door or window, or even cutting a hole through the clapboards into the parlor, as we might have done to get at the wires, our plan was to enter through the unprotected roof. Taking from my bag an arrow with a coil of fishing line attached, I placed it in a bow of which I had my cane and fired it well clear of windows or obstructions.

In a few minutes a single tug on it told me that Bill had found the arrow on t'other side of the house. Then I tied on a heavier line, light, but strong enough to hang two or three men, and signaled Bill to haul away. Next I fastened on a well greased high power pulley block, on which was the flexible rope for our ascent, and gave the signal to haul away again and make fast.

Soon Bill slid down, and, joining me, we got ready to go aloft.

I went first, of course, being the senior partner in the concern and chief manager of my unpatented inventions.

Comfortably sitting on a wooden crosspiece, I pulled away on the endless rope attachment one pound pull lifting four and easily raised myself a few inches. I could reach Bill instantly upon the broad eaves of the shingled sloping roof.

In a jiffy Partner Bill performed the same circus act and was at my side.

Like two cats, we quickly clambered, with the help of the crossline, to the scuttle, and then, with no trouble at all to such artists as we were, we felt very forced, and Fort Electricity was taken, with its garrison blissfully dreaming of the safety afforded by the latest burglar alarms.

Softly creeping down the scuttle ladder, we gained the garret floor, where a dim taper and our dark lanterns, we donned our working suits, consisting of long white nightgowns and caps, and which, I am proud to say, I invented for occasions like the present.

Being an honest burglar, I never considered it square to needlessly startle a sleeping person. The ladies especially suffer from nervous shock and fright at other fame dead away or scream so loudly that it is annoying, to say the least.

The men are apt to waken out of humor or are scared to death, and in both cases generally beyond reach of argument.

But in our handsome ruffled nightgowns and caps we fearlessly glide in and out of bedrooms, make half a dozen trips to the closet on the pillows so we can get their watches or pistols, with no more than a sleepy grunt at being disturbed, and even get in bed beside them if there's danger of nearly laughter.

You see, our boldness and appearance naturally cause them to take us for members of the family and treat us accordingly.

There's very much pleasanter than burning sulphur matches under their noses or blinding their eyes with the rays of a dark lantern or giving them a painted revolver bluff or a billy smack on a defenseless bald head. Put yourself in their places, and I guess you'll fully agree with me.

Well, Bill and I, like two white robed Santa Clauses, came down stairs and went straight to our work, Bill taking the reception room and the dainty lighted hall, and I the others.

Here let me say that snoring, which is usually offensive to the listener, becomes to our business a most melodious and soothing sound. Like Sancho Panza, I bless the man who invented sleep, and thrice bless the woman, perhaps, who invented the sweet snore. Before I went to work myself, not having time at night like other folks.

Breathing these blessings, I entered the main room, where the old general of the fort lay snoring for all he was worth.

First I tackled his trousers and got his well stuffed wallet, then picked up a young jewelry store from the bureau, then fished for his watch under his pillow. But the old snorer lay on it hard as he would've, come. Shoving him gently by the shoulder, I whispered, "Turn over."

Half opening his eyes, enough to see my white robe, he gave the usual grunt and obeyed. In a moment his interrupted snore began louder than before, and the ticker was mine.

To the next room I went and as easily helped myself.

The third room, which was the guest chamber, I visited with equal success, and then, not intending to upset the electrical arrangement on the first floor, I sneaked out in the hall to find Bill and skip out for good the way we had come.

A dimly burning gaslight made the darkness visible, and shortly I saw Bill's noble ghostlike figure emerge from a room, and without looking in my direction walk toward the far end of the hall.

In one instant I noiselessly reached my partner, and in a low whisper, "Come, Bill, it's time to git."

The form turned around, but it wasn't Bill. The fierce mother-in-law of the establishment stood before me, burning me with her eyes. Ere I could hide my surprised face and modestly retreat—so she might do the same—she got onto my nightgown racket, and like a tigress she grabbed my whiskers with both hands and shrieked bloody murder and "Thieves!" "Robbers!" "Help!" etc., till she made me tired. I never felt so queer in all my life.

At once yells and screams and howls of fear came from all over in a mad chorus. Off went the burglar alarm bells and the rattles, and up flashed the gas till the whole lower part of the house was brilliant. Luckily I had cached the pillowful of pistols, or they'd have gone off too.

At the instant a stalwart figure in white bounded out of another room and flew to my assistance. "Bill!" I gasped. "Quick! For your life! Pull her away!"

He gently but firmly embraced the old lady's waist and pulled, while I tried to bite her worse than tiger's claws. "Tickle her, Bill!" I groaned, seeing the pull didn't work. That fetched her. She lost her grip—retaining, however, half my beard—and went for Bill. But he was too quick to be caught. Neatly dodging her terrible talons, he pushed her in a room, and before the terrified household dared show themselves we had escaped through the scuttle and were on the roof.

A slide down the rope and our safety was assured, but we had not a second to lose.

Hastily we tried to find our only means of flight. Like great lizards we crawled about in the darkness, but our efforts were vain. The rope was gone.

"What's up now, Bill?" I whispered.

"We are, Tom," he answered grimly. "We've been shadowed from outside, and they've cut the rope. Nice trap for two old rats like we."

In spite of myself I shivered. "Well, what's to be done, Bill? No use praying for a balloon, is there?"

"Not much, pard," said William as cheerfully as he could, "and no use trying the front door. There ain't a lightning rod, either, to slide down on, and we can't reach the water leader. I wish I was a bird."

"Well, we'll both be birds—jailbirds—Bill, if we don't do something. Think quick."

Now guns were beginning to shoot from the windows, and we heard answering shouts from without. Evidently the house was being surrounded.

"Tom," whispered Bill. "I've thought. We must jump."

"Up or down?" says I, not relishing the job.

"Down, of course," grinned brave William, "into the big evergreen tree by that chimney. Now, Tom, come on."

Bill skinned to the roof's edge like a monkey, I after him. When over, he leaped into the blackness, and I heard the branches break, but no sickening thud, as I feared. Giving him time to get out of my way, I followed him and also held on the bending boughs. In a trice both of us reached the grass, and before we could start to run a dozen excited men with pitchforks and guns were around us, the light from the windows showing us to advantage.

But luckily we had forgotten to remove our nightgowns and caps. "Good now!" cried Bill, with wonderful presence of mind. "Save our folks in the house. The robbers are murdering them. They chased us out the window. Smash in the front door and save their lives. Don't you hear them scream?"

Off rushed our captors, and with axes they broke the door and entered to the rescue.

Bill and I, dropping our robes de nuit, took the opposite direction, gained the road and laughed all the way home.—Detroit Free Press.

Japan's Old Nobility.

The old nobility of Japan is called the Samurai. There are about 200,000 members of this class. Every one of their faces has on it a coat of arms which belongs to it, and which no one else can use. The order is governed by 60 dukes. The leading principal of the Samurai is patriotism to the death.

The Account Settled in Full.

At a salon in Paris some years ago the Sieur d'Aimeville, one of a group to whom he was imparting an account of his pedigree, which he claimed was derived from the pharaohs of Egypt. Just then the late Baron de Rothschild approached the group, and one of its members called out: "Baron, come and let me make you acquainted with the Sieur d'Aimerle. He comes from pharaonic stock, and you ought to know each other." "Yes," said the baron, bowing gravely and addressing D'Aimerie, "I believe our families had some transactions in time past." "Yes," rejoined D'Aimerie, "we have a record that your people when leaving the country borrowed a considerable amount of jewelry from my people, for which I should now like to be repaid, with interest." "If you remember the transaction," said Rothschild, "but the account was settled at due date. Your fathers received a check on the Bank of the Red Sea."—Chicago Tribune.

Hard putty may be easily softened by passing a redhot flat piece of iron over it, so that it may then be removed with the fingers or the edge of a knife without any difficulty.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

GESTURES WITH THE HANDS.

Signs and Superstitions That Have Come Down From Ancient Times.

Nearly every gesture we make with your hands has come down from the most ancient of times. For instance, when we shook hands with Mrs. Brown, who just went out, you followed one of the oldest of customs, that began in the days when men shook hands to prove that they meant no harm to each other and carried no weapons. When you lean out of your carriage window and kiss your hand to your mother on the doorstep, you are following an old habit of the Persian sun worshipers, who first laid their hands on their mouths and then lifted them toward the sun.

Nowadays, in England, those who are presented to the queen kiss her hand, which is a token of reverence and submission as old as the days of the Trojan war, when King Priam kissed Achilles' hand as he begged for the body of his brave dead son Hector. Julius Cæsar, the great conqueror, never permitted the common folk to kiss his hand, but in his presence they knelt and only touched it. In Morocco no one in the presence of the emperor mentions the number five, because it represents the hand that holds the scepter and power. The Turks call the hand the "Servant of the Creator. The 14 knuckles represent the leads of their rosary, and the five fingers their five great rules for religious life.

Among the early Christians the thumb, first and second fingers were thought to signify God, his Son and the Holy Ghost, and that is why those three fingers are held up when priests in the Catholic church give what is called an episcopal blessing. Long ago in marriages the ring was in turn slipped over the thumb, first and second fingers, and finally left on the third, to show that the man gave his allegiance first to the Holy Trinity and lastly to his wife. It was then that people believed the third finger was possessed of unusual virtues, because a rich, pure vein of blood ran from its bottom knuckle to the heart. It was made the ring finger for that reason, and in times of plagues doctors mixed their drugs with it, thinking it the only finger free from taint.

In these later days it has been found out that there is no vein running as was believed, but it remains the marriage finger by custom. Perhaps one of the strangest superstitions about hands is that a century ago it was believed that the hand of a man who had been hung would cure warts if touched by an afflicted person, and that the hand of a child dead on the gallows would open the strongest lock if merely touched to the keyhole, moving the bolts without a sound, and housebreakers were supposed to carry such a hand among their tools.—St. Louis Republic.

How It Feels to Be Shot.

One of the veterans of Post No. 53 in this city, who was several times wounded in action, was asked to describe how it felt to be shot down. He replied that he had made the same request of many soldiers he had taken in order to compare notes. Then he added: "The first effect of a gunshot wound that shatters a bone is a sensation of satisfied anticipation, as much as to say, 'Now I have it.' Just as I expected,' and the wound is considered hopelessly mortal, of course. Then as pain ensues and a sense of disemberment, there is a profound feeling of relief that one lasts during what surgeons call 'the first shock,' and is the cause of that peculiar moaning of the desperately wounded, generally attributed to physical suffering alone, and familiar to all who have been in battle. After the wound is dressed or an amputation performed there rises in the mind a faint dawn of hope. If this grows into a conviction that we will, the victim stands a good chance of recovery."—Philadelphia Record.

The Architect—The Engineer.

A man of influence before our times and mediæval times is that then the scientific constructor and the artistic constructor were one person. Now they are two. The architecture is divided against itself. The architect resents the engineer as a barbarian; the engineer makes light of the architect as a dilettante. It is difficult to deny that each is largely in the right. The artistic insensibility of the modern engineer is not more fatal to architectural progress than the artistic irrelevancy of the modern architect. In general, engineering is at least progressive, while architecture is at least reactionary. And indeed it may be questioned whether, without a thought of art, and, as it were, in spite of himself the engineer has not produced the most magnificent and certainly he has produced the most characteristic monuments of our time.—Architectural Record.

Mystifying a Kentucky Audience.

Colonel Kaintuck—Talking about sleight of hand, the most mysterious trick I ever saw was in a little town down in Kentucky. The man was not a professional, either, but just a bright young fellow who has a genius for such things. He took a glass of water and held it up before an audience, and then he threw a big tadpole over him. In two minutes another leaped off the cloth—and there was the glass empty; yes, sir, not a drop in it.

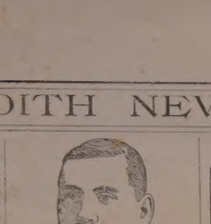
Friend—Perhaps he drank it.

Colonel Kaintuck—By-Jove! Maybe he did. Never thought of it.—New York Weekly.

History of a Weight Standard.

The grain, the smallest weight standard in general use, was so called from originally being the weight of a grain of wheat. A statute which became a law in England in the year 1266 ordained that 32 grains of wheat taken from the middle of the ear of "head" and well dried should make a penny weight, 20 penny weights one ounce and 12 ounces one pound. Some centuries later there were some radical changes made in the above, such as dividing the penny weight into 24 grains, etc. This makes 5,760 grains in the troy pound, as now used.—St. Louis Republic.

New York owns one-fourth of the commercial shipping of the United States.



Mr. John Bailey

All Run Down

Is both and strength after the grip. I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Half a bottle gave me good sleep and toned my nerves. My cough ceased and I gradually gained flesh. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me a well man. It has the right spirit.—JOHN BAILEY, Grocer, 488 Chelmsford Street, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

WOMEN'S VANITY ABOUT HOSIERY.

Three of Them Go Bathing in Silk Stockings and Wear Woolen Ones Home.

"Dun't," said the common sense, hard hearted, practical minded lawyer, "try to tell me anything about the vanity of women. I know all about it. I had to go down to a house on the New Jersey coast one summer. My sister and my wife's sister were visiting us.

"The day I said to my wife, 'I must run down to New Jersey to day.' Would you and the girls like to go with me?'

"They were delighted, so I took the three of them. My business was quickly disposed of, and they insisted on going into the surf. It was a little bit of a place with a summer hotel, but we managed to get bathing suits for them. Then Joe, my sister, said something to Corinne, my wife's sister, and they both said something to my wife. They hadn't any bathing stockings.

"I was sent to find some. There was only a little country store three miles up the road, and I set out for it. I was a little doubtful myself about silk stockings which the proprietor had, but though they were heavy things, as ropes and ribbed, they were stockings, and, moreover, they were the only ones I could get. So I bought them and marched back to the seaside. When I handed them over to the girls a look of dismay came over their faces, and they held them out gingerly, but they thanked me for my trouble and went to their bathhouses, saying nothing to one another.

"I was waiting outside for them in the bathing suit which I had secured for myself when the first of the girls came out. It was my sister Joe, and I saw at a glance that the stockings she had on were not the ones I had had bought in the country store. They were long beautiful silk things that were works of art.

"Well, my sister Joe always was a vain woman, with a love of finery and of luxurious things to wear, so I could in part understand her folly.

"Then came my sister-in-law, Cora, adorned with an equally beautiful pair of stockings, and right behind her my wife embellished in the same splendid way. They looked at one another, and all burst out laughing. Not one of them had been able to resist the temptation to wear beautiful stockings as long as they could be worn.

"The fun came in when they were dressed and we were on our way home. Those big coarse stockings hurt their feet terribly. They had hardly been able to get their little boots on over them, and they pinched them in excruciating tightness. They limped and suffered, but of course said nothing. When we got home, I thought I saw an opportunity to impress a lesson on my wife's mind about the folly of vanity.

"'I hope, Fanny,' I said, with a grave dignity of Spartan simplicity, 'that you now realize that it would have been wiser if you girls had worn the thick woolen stockings in bathing and had returned home in your beautiful silken hose.'

"'Yes, dear,' she said meekly, 'you are quite right. It would have been much wiser, but,' she added, with one of those mysterious turns of women, 'if we girls found ourselves there tomorrow in the same situation we should do the same thing over again.'

"And I know they would. So there you are."—New York Tribune.

Iron.

Seven per cent of the earth's crust is aluminium. It is the only metal that is more plentiful than iron. The latter is the chief cause of color to earth and rock. It enters into almost all substances, circulating in the blood of animals and pervading the juices of plants. It is a valuable medicine and is the only metal that is not poisonous to the human system. One of the oddest things about iron is that it is never found in a pure state except in meteorites. It was known in the time of Moses, 1500 B. C. On the coast of Long Island and elsewhere it has been extracted from sand found by the use of magnets. The small black specks to be observed in any handful of beach sand are metallic iron ore.—Rena Bache in Boston Transcript.

Mountain of the Sacred Footprint.

Adam's peak, or Mount Samanala, a sacred mountain in the island of Ceylon, is known throughout the orient as the "Mountain of the Sacred Footprint." In a flat, rocky table at the foot of this mountain in Rome as hard as blue granite there is the perfect imprint of a gigantic human foot, 5½ feet long by 2½ feet wide. The Ceylonese Brahmans have a legend to the effect that the impression was made by Adam, or first parent, but the Buddhists declare that it could have been made by no less than Buddha.—St. Louis Republic.

An artist being asked, "Is sculpture difficult?" answered: "Why, when you, no! You have only to take a block of marble and a chisel and knock off all the marble you don't want."

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Cars and after Monday, July 23, until further notice, steamer "Island of the Isles" will run as follows, daily, Sundays excepted:

Leave Wolfboro',	6.00 A. M.
Long Island,	6.45
Centre Harbor,	7.40
Bear Island,	8.00
Arrive Weirs,	8.30
Leave Weirs,	1.30 P. M.
Lake Shore Park,	10.05
Long Island,	10.30
Centre Harbor,	11.40
Bear Island,	12.00 M.
Arrive Weirs,	12.30 P. M.
Leave Weirs,	12.40
Bear Island,	1.00
Arrive Centre Harbor,	1.20
Leave Centre Harbor,	1.30
Long Island,	2.15
Lake Shore Park,	2.40
Arrive Wolfboro',	3.10
Leave Weirs,	4.45
Bear Island,	5.00
Centre Harbor,	6.30
Long Island,	6.10
Arrive Wolfboro',	6.45

Connecting with Train No. 52, arriving Boston 12.45 P. M.
Connecting with Train No. 57 for Plymouth and all White Mountain points, and with Train No. 56, arriving Boston 4.45 P. M.
Connecting with Train No. 57, leaving Boston 9.30 A. M.
Connecting with Train No. 59, leaving Boston 1.15 P. M.

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Lv. Centre Harbor, a. m.	9.10
" Wolfboro, "	9.55
Ar. Weirs, "	10.45
" Long Island, a. m.	10.25
" Wolfboro, "	11.10
Ar. Alton Bay, "	11.50

TO THE LAKE.

Lv. Alton Bay, p. m.	12.05
" Wolfboro, "	4.15
" Long Island, "	5.05
" Weirs, "	5.45
Ar. Centre Harbor, p. m.	6.55

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Excursion Tickets at Reduced Rates.

H. A. BLACKSTONE, Gen'l Manager.

"FLY-FIEND."

Baggs—I have just been reading a remarkable story of old age. Amos Johnson was 100 years old last week, and—

Jaggs—Oh, yes, I know. He can walk five miles before breakfast and read the finest print without glasses.

"Not at all. He is so feeble that he can't move and is blind and deaf. As food has to be administered to him hypodermically, every one wonders that he has not died long ago."—New York Tribune.

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